

On the Day You Were Born

by Debra Frasier

On the eve of your birth
word of your coming
passed from animal to animal.

The reindeer told the Arctic terns,
who told the humpback whales,
who told the Pacific salmon,
who told the monarch butterflies,
who told the green turtles,
who told the European eel,
who told the busy garden warblers,

and the marvelous news migrated worldwide.

While you waited in darkness,
tiny knees curled into chin,
the Earth and her creatures
with the Sun and the Moon
all moved in their places,
each ready to greet you
the very moment
of the very first day you arrived.

On the day you were born
the round planet Earth
turned toward your morning sky,
whirling past darkness,
spinning the night into light.

On the day you were born
gravity's strong pull
held you to the Earth
with a promise that you
would never float away...
...while deep in space the burning Sun
sent up
towering flames,
lighting your sky
from dawn to dusk.

On the day you were born
the quiet Moon glowed
and offered to bring
a full, bright face,
each month,
to your windowsill...

...while high above the North Pole,
Polaris, the glittering North Star,
stood still, shining silver light
into your night sky.

On the day you were born
the moon pulled on the ocean below,
and, wave by wave,
a rising tide washed the beaches clean
for your footprints...
...while far out at sea
clouds swelled with water drops,
sailed to shore on a wind,
and rained you a welcome
across the Earth's green lands.

On the day you were born
a forest of tall trees
collected the Sun's light
in their leaves,
where, in silent mystery,
they made oxygen
for you to breathe...
...while close to your skin
and as high as the sky,
air rushed in and blew about,
invisibly protecting you
and all living things on Earth.

On the day you were born
the Earth turned, the Moon pulled,
the Sun flared, and, then, with a push,

you slipped out of the dark quiet
where suddenly you could hear...
...a circle of people singing
with voices familiar and clear.

"Welcome to the spinning world," the people sang,
as they washed your new, tiny hands.

"Welcome to the green Earth," the people sang,
as they wrapped your wet, slippery body.

And as they held you close
they whispered into your open, curving ear,
"We are so glad you've come."